

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

MARVEL
COMICS



AUG
#123

\$5

EXCALIBUR

**HE ABSORBS
the POWERS
of EVERY
MUTANT
HE MEETS.**

**GUESS
WHO JUST
MET the
MIMIC?!**

DIRECT EDITION

12311



59606-04057-5
\$1.99 US \$2.80 CAN

SCOTT

DEPOY



LOST & FOUND

The SEARCH **PART 2**

A KISS IS ALL IT TAKES.

ALL THE DOUBT... ALL THE FEAR... ALL THE INSECURITY BORN OF LOST FAITH...

...THEY ALL DISAPPEAR IN THE CARRESS OF A LOVED ONE'S LIPS.

IT'S AT MOMENTS LIKE THESE WHEN HOPE... ADRIPT ON AN ENDLESS SEA OF CONFUSED EMOTION... IS SUDDENLY FOUND.

AND THE WORLD IS WONDERFUL ONCE MORE.

ben
RAAB
writer
trevor SCOTT
penciler
scott HANNA inker

rs & COMICRAFT
letters
PITTARESE editor
kevin
TINSLEY
colors
HARRASchief

EXCALIBUR: Vol. 1, No. 175, August, 1998. ISSN #1083-5699. Published by MARVEL COMICS, Joseph Caramazza, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Sheryl Rhodes, Executive VP Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1998 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.50 in Canada. Second-class rate for 12 issues: U.S. \$23.00, foreign \$25.00. Canadian subscribers must add \$15.00 for postage and GST. GST #R12305912. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except to authorized dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or contents used in a mutilated condition. EXCALIBUR (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL. SAGINAW, MI. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO EXCALIBUR, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP./SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 1075 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1075. TELEPHONE # (203) 744-5331. FAX # (203) 744-9948. Printed in the U.S.A.



YOU SOUND *DISAPPOINTED*.
AFRAID I'M NOT THE SAME
CAPTAIN BRITAIN WHO
ONCE SAVED YOUR
LIFE? ®

I THOUGHT
THAT MIGHT BE A
PROBLEM. THAT WITHOUT
MY POWERS, YOU'D FIND
ME LESS ATTRACTIVE.
LESS DESIRABLE A
HUSBAND.

LESS
OF A HERO...
LESS OF A
MAN.



HEE HEE.



SOMETHING
FUNNY...?

JUST HOW
GILLY YOU'RE
BEING.

AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS,
BRIAN BRADDOCK,
YOU SHOULD KNOW
THAT EMPOWERED OR
POWERLESS...



...YOU'LL
ALWAYS BE MY
HERO.

ZARK

HERR
RANKIN,
PLEASE!

WE'RE
NOT --

-- THE --
-- ENEMY!

THOSE PRIME SENTINELS
MESS'D HIS MIND UP SO
BAD, HE DOESN'T KNOW
WHO THE REAL ENEMY IS!

WHOOOOPS!
ICE!

COLOSSUS!
BEHIND YOU!
INCOMING!

NOT THAT IT
MATTERS TO HIM
RIGHT NOW.

SOMEBODY!
ANYBODY!
HEEEEEEP!

ERP

SAVING YOU FROM
FALLING OEBRIS IS
BECOMING SOMETHING
OF A HABIT, COMRADE
DOUGLOCK.

SMASH

THANK YOU
THANK YOU
THANK YOU

CYCLOPS' OPTIC BLASTS, THE BEAST'S STRENGTH AND DEXTERITY, MARVEL GIRL'S TELEKINESIS, ANGEL'S WINGS, ICEMAN'S THERMODYNAMICS, AND EVEN SOME OF THE PROFESSOR'S TELEPATHY.

MIMIC MAY POSSESS ALL THE POWERS OF THE ORIGINAL X-MEN, BUT THEY'RE NOT ENOUGH TO FREE HIM FROM THIS TECHNOLOGICAL PRISON.

POOR GUY, BEEN POKED AND PRODDED SO LONG, HE'S MORE LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL THAN A RATIONAL, THINKING MAN.

LUCKY FOR HIM, MY NATURAL INTANGIBILITY COMES WITH A BUILT-IN LOCKPICK FOR ALL THINGS TECHNO. I'LL HAVE HIM OUT IN A JIF.

BZZZT

VOILA!

I JUST HOPE HE DOESN'T FREAK AND TEAR US ALL APART!

CHK

CHK

H-H-H-H?

F-F-FREE...?





BACK ON MUIR ISLAND...

'FRAID NOT. THEY'RE STILL TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH YOUR RESEARCH, MOIRA. TO THEIR ETERNAL DISMAY.

THEY'D LIKELY KEEL OVER KNOWING YOU'D TAKEN A BREAK FROM YOUR LEGACY VIRUS STUDIES. I MUST ADMIT, I'M RATHER SURPRISED MYSELF.

OCH, 'TIS BEEN AGES SINCE I'VE HEARD FROM THE LADS AT OL' DARKMOOR. TAKEN M'PICTURE OFF THEIR DARTBOARD YET, HAVE THEY?

WELL, THEY DON'T AWARD THE NOBEL TO CORPSES.

I DECIDED -- WITH SOME UNEXPECTED HELP FROM DOUGLOCK -- THAT PERHAPS THE TIME HAD COME T'TAKE A SABBATICAL OF M'OWN. TIME T'SMELL THE ROSES, SO T'SPEAK.

AN' FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS NOW, THOSE ROSES ARE TO BE WEDDIN' BOUQUETS!



AYE, WHEN'S THE BIG DAY...?



YEAH, BRIAN! MARRY ME NOW OR I'LL LOVE ME FOREVER!

RIGHT, I THINK I'VE KEPT YOU WAITING LONG ENOUGH. HOW ABOUT NEXT WEEK?



N-N-NEXT WEEK?
8-8-BUT I HAVEN'T
ANYTHING TO
WEAR...

A WEEK? MUM,
THAT'S NAH MUCH
TIME.

WHEN
YE'RE IN LOVE,
RAMME...P IT
CAN BE AN
ETERNITY.



C'MON, MEGGAN -- I
KNOW JUST THE PLACE
TO FIND YUIR GOWN!
AND YUIR MAKE-
UP... AND YUIR
SHOES...

OOH! THIS
IS ALL SOOO
EXCITING! JUST
LIKE CYCLOPS'
AND PHOENIX'S
WEDDING!



I HOPE I LOOK
HALF AS BEAUTIFUL
AS JEAN GREY
DID!

WISH
ME LUCK,
BRIAN!



WHEN
IT COMES TO
BEING
BEAUTIFUL,
LUV...?

YOU
DONT' NEED
ANY LUCK.

AHH...
"AOMEN" AT
LAST.

MEANWHILE, ELSEWHERE
WITHIN ZERO TOLERANCE'S
PEKUYAN STRONGHOLD...

SHOULD'VE DESTROYED
THAT "MIND" WHEN WE HAD
THE CHANCE! WHAT A HUGE
FREAKIN' MISTAKE THAT WAS!

NOW WE'RE TRAPPED, AND
OUR ONLY CHANCE AT SURVIVAL
DEPENDS ON WHETHER A
BUNCH OF GENE-JOKE MUTIES
RESUES US OR NOT?

UH-UH, NOT ME. I BECAME A
PRIME SENTINEL TO EXTERMINATE
THOSE FREAKS. NO WAY I'M
HANGIN' MY LIFE ON 'EM!

I SAY WE KILL 'EM ALL
NOW -- LET GOD SORT
'EM OUT LATER!

STAND DOWN,
NUMBER FIVE!

SHOOM

HEY! WHAT
GIVES?

WE ALL MADE A HUGE
MISTAKE WHEN WE SOLD
OUR SOULS TO THAT
DEVIL BASTION.

HE BAILED US WITH HIS
TWISTED PROMISES OF
GENETIC PURITY. AND WE
BIT. HOOK, LINE AND SINKER.

BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW.
THIS IS THE AFTERMATH.
THE RETRIBUTION. THE
JUDGMENT UPON US ALL.

LIKE IT OR NOT, THOSE
MUTANTS ARE THE ONLY
CHANCE AT SALVATION
WE'RE EVER GOING TO GET.

NOW, GET OVER HERE
AND HELP US SAVE
ONE OF OUR OWN...





FIGHTING THE COMBINED
MIGHT OF THE ORIGINAL
X-MEN WAS BAD
ENOUGH...

...NOW WE
MUST FIGHT
OURSELVES,
TOO?

PERHAPS I
CAN PREVENT HIM
FROM ADAPTING
OUR POWERS ANY
FURTHER!

RESILIENT
THOUGH THE
MIMIC MAY BE,
EVEN HE MUST
FALL BEFORE
THE FORCE
OF --

MY ORGANIC
STEEL...!

KLANG

POW









MY TECHNO-ORGANIC COILS CAN'T PENETRATE HIS STEEL HIDE!

A SURFACE PULSE MIGHT DO THE TRICK... BUT IT'S GONNA TAKE ALL THE POWER I'VE GOT!

BE QUICK ABOUT -- HURR -- WHATEVER IT IS YOU ARE DOING! HIS STRENGTH -- GRRHH -- RIVALS MY OWN!

I CANNOT -- RRRRAHH -- CONTAIN HIM MUCH LONGER!

RAAARRGH!!

HERE GOES
EVERYTHING!

YEEARRGH!!

BZZZAK

BOZHE
MOU!

ENERGY COURSES THROUGH
DOUGLOCK'S COILS -- HIS VERY
LIFE'S BLOOD -- INUNDATING
THE MIMIC WITH THE ONE FORCE
CAPABLE OF LAYING THIS
POWERFUL CREATURE LOW...

...ELECTRICITY.

HE RESISTS THIS DELUGE OF PAIN
WITH THE SAME DETERMINATION
THAT ALLOWED HIM TO SURVIVE
THE TORMENT METED OUT BY
HIS ZERO TOLERANCE CAPTORS.

THIS TIME, HOWEVER, ALL
HIS DETERMINATION...
ALL HIS RESISTANCE...

...PROVES
FUTILE.

LOOK,
EVERYONE --
THE DOME!

IT'S
DISSIPATING!

WE'RE FREE!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

THEY DID IT.
THE MUTANTS
REALLY DID IT.
THEY SAVED US...





IT'S NIGHTCRAWLER.
HEZZ RANKIN --
CAN YOU HEAR
ME?

THERE'S
SOMETHING I
MUST ASK YOU.
IT'S OF DIRE
IMPORTANCE...

MIMIC'S JUST BEEN
THROUGH HELL. "CRAWLER."
LOOK -- HE'S JUST
NOW BEGUN REVERTING
BACK TO WHAT PASSES
FOR HIS "NORMAL"
STATE.

GIVE THE
GUY SOME TIME
TO RECUPERATE
BEFORE YOU START
IN WITH THE "THIRD
DEGREE."

ONCE WE
GET HIM BACK
TO MUIR ISLAND,
AND MOIRA'S HAD A
CHANCE TO ADDRESS
THE DAMAGE DONE BY
ZERO TOLERANCE,
THEN YOU CAN
START GRILLING
HIM.



KATYA
IS CORRECT.
KURT, ONE ORDEAL
PER DAY IS
ENOUGH TO
SUFFER.

EASY,
CONRADE. IT'S
OVER.

OH-THANK
YOU, THANK
YOU ALL.

NO NEED TO THANK US,
JUST TELL ME -- ALL THE
WHILE YOU WERE HELD
PRISONER -- DID ANY-
ONE MAKE MENTION
OF PROFESSOR
XAVIER?

ANY
MENTION AT
ALL? I MUST
KNOW!



THE
PROFF NO.
NOTHING.
WHY...?

NO
REASON IN
PARTICULAR.





MINUTES LATER, EN ROUTE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, BOUND FOR MUIR ISLAND...

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, KURT. THE SEARCH WASN'T A COMPLETE FAILURE.

NOT ONLY DID WE HELP THOSE PRIME SENTINELS -- WHO ARE STILL JUST PEOPLE -- BUT WE SAVED THE MIMIC. THOSE ARE GOOD THINGS, NEITHER OF WHICH WOULD'VE HAPPENED IF NOT FOR YOU.

IT MAY FEEL LIKE YOU LET THE PROFESSOR DOWN BY NOT FIGHTING ON THE FRONT LINES DURING THE WAR AGAINST BASTION...

...WHICH YOU PROBABLY THINK MEANS YOU'RE LESS THAN THE LEADER -- LESS THAN THE X-MAN -- HE TRAINED YOU TO BE...

BUT YOU WERE OUT THERE FIGHTING FOR HIS DREAM. YOU JUST DID IT ON OTHER FRONTS, WITH THE REST OF US.

WE DON'T HAVE TO BE "X-MEN" TO DO THAT, Y'KNOW.

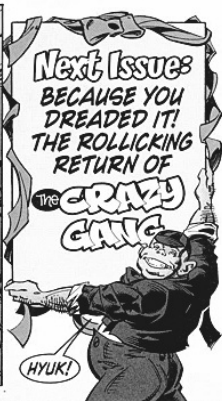
SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TRYING AWFULLY HARD TO JUSTIFY EXCALIBUR'S EXISTENCE IN THE CURRENT SCHEME OF THINGS, KATZCHEN.

MAYBE, BUT YOU REMEMBER WHAT CHARLES ALWAYS SAID... P

"ONCE AN X-MAN --

"-- ALWAYS AN X-MAN."

"HOW COULD I EVER FORGET...?"



AN OBSCURE OPERATION:
ZERO TOLERANCE
INSTALLATION NESTLED
DEEP WITHIN THE
PERUVIAN HIGHLANDS.

A FORGOTTEN OUTPOST
FOUNDED UPON THE
PRINCIPLES OF GENOCIDE
AND GENETIC PREJUDICE...

...IT IS A PLACE WHERE
NONE -- ONCE LOST --
IS RARELY EVER FOUND.

NIGHTCRAWLER --
LOOK OUT!

A FACT TO WHICH THE
INCARCERATED CALVIN
RANKIN CAN PAINFULLY
ATTEST.

ZARK

YRÉS!



S-STAY
AWAY...Y-YOU...
M-MONSTERS!

YOU
C-CAN'T...KEEP
ME HERE...
ANYMORE!

I-I
WON'T...LET
YOU!

EXCALIBUR CAME HERE IN
SEARCH OF THEIR MISSING
MENTOR -- PROFESSOR
CHARLES XAVIER...

...YET ANOTHER CASUALTY
IN ZERO TOLERANCE'S WAR
AGAINST MUTANTKIND.

THEY FOUND THE
MIMIC INSTEAD.